

JOHN BROWN — WHITTIER'S POEMS.
"The Life and Letters of John Brown."

derable interest by a wider circle than

presses any sympathy in American affairs.

Spectator remarks of it: "This little book has been merited as home ballads." It is plain, modest, and fully put together with a heartiness and a warm intelligent sympathy for the cause to which it speaks and the cause for which he lived and died, and allow him to speak as much as possible in his own words and tell his own story, without lumbering with an ostentatious and mass of irrelevant gossip and social conventionalities. He is the chief figure, the central figure, gives a slight but vivid and useful sketch of a group of families, of a type which cannot perhaps now be paralleled in any other part of the country, and of his descent, and gentle in blood and manners, yet in this world's goods and with no desire for more, he is living a primitive and patriarchal life; a simple, God-fearing, honest, and unobtrusive the earth-spoken man, until they are brought face to face with the great question which is tearing their native land in pieces, and then taking their part in a spirit of the noblest heroism and self-sacrifice. The whole story of the silent hero back near 3,000 years, and we can almost fancy him giving his answer to King David, "I am a herdsman of Tekoa, and have neither a wife nor a son; but I have a herd of goats, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit; and I have learned me as I followed the flock, and said unto the Lord, 'Thou hast prophesied unto my people Israel.'" The book is singularly well-timed. We are full of war and bluster and purposeless exaggerations, the course is well that we should get this glimpse into the life of New England; and never was there a time when Englishmen had more need to fix their eyes on him on any example, come from what quarter it will, that goes about with a goodly company of false and holds a false and a false and a false and a false trust to be used, kept far away at the call of Him who has bestowed them.

take up his book as Lord Bacon liked to take the book of fresh earth, wet with morning dew.

of fresh earth, wet with morning and fragrant with
wine. It has the healthy smell of Yankee soil, with
the wine of fancy poured over it. W.

the prairie breeze, weird whispers from the dark
and eerie belts of pine, waifs of spirits from the
wandering inland, superb scents of the starred na-
molia and box-tree blossoming white. We hear it
in the rustle of the buzzing of bees, the lost song
of the huskies, brooding, the drunken lullaby
of the jolly yokel. Here, in the heart of the mem-
orials of the New World's spring of promise, the
memorials of her abundance when the horn of Au-
tumn is poured into the overflowing lap of man; in
the cock's crow—horns tossing over the farm-yard
the cock's crow—horns tossing over the farm-yard
a most vital red, the brown glow of his crown
roses running up to the caves of the swallow-
homestead, the June sun 'tangling his wings of fire
in the net-work of green leaves, the aronia by
night, righting up the swarming shade, the river full
of sunshin, the sun above and the blit-
blink of sea in the distance, the sound of the
sound of vernal life and country cheer. No Amer-
can poet has more of the home-made and home-
brewed than Mr. Whittier. His poetry is not fil-
tered from the German Helicon; it is a spring flow-
ing from the World's nature; and we gladly welcom
it, its sprightliness, its vigor, its vigor, its vigor,
among poets who Mr. Bright is among the peo-
ple. He has the soul of some old Norseman beat
ed up under the Quaker's coat, and the great bur-
den of heart will often peril the hold of the batons, with
the heart with a will, and the heart with a will,
mouth is 'preaching brotherly love and driving it
With him, too, the Norse soul is found fighting
freedom, and he has done good service in making
the heart of the North beat quicker for the day
black slavery shall be no more, and in bringing about
the great movement, with a heavy load upon
as preparation to the gathering up of the state
for a final fight.

"LET US ALONE"

The following from the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*:

shows how this celebrated declaration is to be applied to the case of others, the State of Kentucky for instance:—

"We only speak the sentiment of the million South, we believe, in asserting that Kentucky *never be allowed to cast her destiny with the rebels*, and that she will stand by the Union, and support her people under the duresse of the bayonet. While we respect State rights and State sovereignty, *these are political and military necessities which overrule these rights as measures of retaliation*, in a great revolution like the present, Kentucky may be called upon, at present, to sacrifice her rights, and to stand strong in the arms of our national power will rescue her from the possession of the enemy, before the termination of this war, as certainly and as effectually as the vast expanse of our territory upon the golden coast of the Pacific was rescued from the hands of the prostrate Mexico. The truth had as well be spoken as kept silent, and we tell our citizens—loyalists and traitors—that no such idea has ever for one moment entered the mind of the Southern people as that she should remain under the iron rule of the Yankee despotism. *The South needs her territory and must have it, though at the price of blood and conquest.*"

LAFAY'S MEN. Fifty-two ragamuffins and cutthroats came down on the cars last Monday evening on their way to Fort Leavenworth, to join the negro-stealing army, with the hope, we suppose, of getting some clean clothes and something to eat. They were nearly naked, and minus their arms. They were nearly naked, and minus their arms.

them had hams of meat on their backs, which they had no doubt stolen from some honest man's meat.

house on the road. Those are the kind of men the Lane's Brigade is to be composed of—thieves, cowards, and midnight robbers. Those waiting passed through town a few moments later, their eyes looking as big as saucers, they expected to meet a soldier to be stopped or fired on by the rebels. At a dark night, such soldiers would make a splendid charge on a hen-roost, meat-house, negro kitchen, stable, but they can't fight honest Americans in the day light.—*Weston (Mo.) Argus.*

HOW TO TELL A TRAITOR. When you see a man

The pressure of the times has torn two big Spiritual papers in half in this country—the *Harvard* *Program* and the *Banner of Light*.

Twenty-eight negroes have been declared free by President Fremont's proclamation.